



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

A 461497

PROPERTY OF
*University of
Michigan
Libraries*

1817

ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

Labrador Cells





8. 8

SIXPENCE NETT

**Even as
You and**

I FABLES
AND PARABLES
OF THE LIFE
TO-DAY By
BOLTON HALL

The
Simple
Life
Series
No. 2

Uniform with "Even as You and I,"
96 pages. Fcap. 8vo, 6d. net.
Post free, 7d.

TOLSTOY AND HIS MESSAGE

By

ERNEST H. CROSBY,

Author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable."

A popular account of the leading phases of Tolstoy's life and career, and an analysis of his teaching, by a personal friend.

CONTENTS—Chapter I. Tolstoy's Boyhood and Manhood—II. His Great Spiritual Crisis—III. His Answer to the Riddle of Life—IV. The Basis of his Moral and Social Code—V. His Theories Tested by the Christian Teaching—VI. The Christian Teaching in Practice—VII. The Tolstoy of To-day.

NO. 1. of THE SIMPLE LIFE SERIES.

A new series of inexpensive, tasteful booklets treating of social justice, religious truth, and the meaning and way of life.

PUBLISHED BY

**THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS,
5, WATER LANE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.**

Even as You and I

The Simple Life Series.

A new series of inexpensive, tasteful booklets treating of social justice, religious truth, and the meaning and way of life, sincerely and unaffectedly. Many will be reprints of well-known gems of thought, many will be new. Published by

THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS

5, WATER LANE, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.

If you would care to be kept informed of new issues, or to have a little catalogue of important books and pamphlets issued by the general press, which will be published quarterly (gratis), please send a post card.

The S.L.P. will be happy to procure for you any progressive literature you may find a difficulty in obtaining, or to help with advice, if possible.

Estimates for the production of leaflets, pamphlets, and booklets, tastefully and economically, furnished with pleasure.

NOW READY, THE FIRST VOLUMES OF THE SERIES.

No. 1. **Tolstoy and His Message.** By ERNEST HOWARD CROSSBY, Author of *Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable*. The Story of Tolstoy's Life and a Study of his Teaching, by a personal friend. Fcap. 8vo, 96 pages. Antique paper. Artistic covers, dark green on olive, 6d. net., post free, 7d. (A shilling cloth edition also in preparation.)

No. 2. **Even as You and I:** Fables and Parables of the Life To-day. By BOLTON HALL, Author of *Things as They Are*, etc., etc. An authorized popular edition of this unique book. Uniform with No. 1. Fcap. 8vo, 96 pages. Antique paper. Artistic covers, dark green on olive, 6d. net, post free, 7d. (A shilling cloth edition in preparation.)

No. 3. **The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.** Translated by EDWARD FITZGERALD, with the translator's Life of Omar, and the notes. Fcap. 8vo, 40 pages. Antique paper. Artistic covers, dark green on olive, 3d., post free, 3½d.

No. 4. **An Essay on the Duty of Civil Disobedience.** By HENRY DAVID THOREAU, Author of *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, etc. A reprint of this classic essay on the supremacy of the individual conscience. Fcap. 8vo, 40 pages. Antique paper. Artistic covers, dark green on olive, 3d., post free, 3½d. (Others in preparation).

**EVEN AS
YOU AND
I Fables and
Parables of the
Life To-day**

**By BOLTON
HALL**

Author of "Things as
They Are," "Stories
for Little Citizens,"
etc., etc

THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS

5 WATER LANE LONDON E C 1903



form papers. As revised and collected they are affectionately dedicated—

To those few thousands to whom it is given
to guide, if not to lead,
into the Paths of Righteousness,
that restless social host, which, if it further stray,
must drag with it, to irremediable ruin,
everything that is worth having.

Contents

	PAGE
I THE LEARNED TEACHER	9
II THE PERFECTED MAN	10
III THE STONES OF CHARITY	11
IV THE ASCENT OF MAN	12
V THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY	13
VI THE CHARITABLE MAN	15
VII COLUMBUS I, LAND OWNER	16
VIII THE SHIP OF STATE	21
IX THE EARTH HATH HE GIVEN FOR AN INHERITANCE	23
X THE UNSATISFIED ANIMAL	25
XI A REVISED VERSION	26
XII "HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES" (UPON US)	27
XIII THE TAX AS A WEAPON	29
XIV DOING THE NEXT THING; OR, THE "PRACTICAL" REFORMER	30
XV AN UNPRACTICAL POLITICIAN	31
XVI THE WALKS OF LIFE	33
XVII THE TREE OF EQUITY	41
XVIII BECAUSE THEY WERE ASSES	42
XIX HOW THE DOCTORS AT LAST AGREED	45
XX 1776 TO 1903	47
XXI A NINETEENTH CENTURY SAMARITAN	48
XXII A SOCIAL ARRANGEMENT	49

II

THE PERFECTED MAN

A GREAT Sculptor made a beautiful Image in clay. But when it was finished, Necessity pressed upon it, and Toil bent it down. Famine pinched it, and Tyranny hammered it, and Monopoly cast it out from the place which the Sculptor had ordained for it.

It lay in the kennel, rejected and unclean. Theology passed by on the other side and said: "See how depraved it is—it is fit only to be cast into the fire."

But Love lifted the Image up and wept over it. And as her tears fell upon the clay it softened in her arms, so that she smoothed out the bruises with her hands.

Then Justice set it again in its place and men said: "Behold, it was made in the image of God."



III

THE STONES OF CHARITY

I WAS tired and greatly discouraged. I saw greed and crime and oppression and hunger as a dark foul swamp ; and, brooding over it all, like a mist, the dull stolidity of the rich, and even of the poor. So I lay down, and God sent sleep, and in my sleep a dream.

I saw an angel, who gathered what seemed like pebbles from the ground. And in the quagmire I saw poisonous vipers, and I smelled the fetid mist. But troops of angels passed it by and smiled:

And at that I was grieved, and I cried :
“ How long, O Lord, wilt Thou—” But God said, “ Look.” So I looked, and lo, the angel cast into the mire that which he had gathered on the earth:

I said, “ Lord, I see no good from his labour at all. He will never fill up the swamp. Let me work in his stead.” So I lifted up great stones and cast them in, and they sank ; they sank and left no trace. I said, “ Ay, Lord, I

will yet fill up a corner." The angels passed by, and on their faces there were tears. With bleeding hands I made that corner firm. But I saw that the rest of the swamp spread but the further ; my strength was gone, and I fell into a faint.

When I awoke, behold the quagmire was dried, and in its place was a beautiful grove, like a grove of Eucalyptus trees, and in it little children played.

And I wondered, until God said to me, " You cast in stones, but that which was in my servant's hand was seed of the tree which men call Equity." Then I knew why the angels smiled:



IV

THE ASCENT OF MAN

ON Man's heart fell the seed of Sympathy, and from it grew the tree of Helpfulness ; and it brought forth the buds of Charity.

When the flowers were withered and the leaves had dried into Alms, there fell from the tree the heavenly fruit of Justice:

V**THE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY**

THE great army set out to take the Kingdom of Heaven by force. There was none to guide it, and none cared for his fellow, so that the regiments fell upon each other, and in the camp there was rest neither day nor night.

Therefore the strong made themselves Captains. The soldiers did not choose them, nor did the Great King commission them, but each one appointed himself, and they whom power, and cunning, and chance favoured, became the Leaders. And often they wandered from the way, and always the Army followed them.

The Captains used the Army in their private quarrels; nevertheless they exacted tribute from the Soldiers. "For," said they, "are we not taking care of you?"

The Soldiers were ignorant and foolish; but they made schools for themselves, and the Captains encouraged them, for, thought they, "Education will make them better fighters."

Some of the Soldiers said: "These wars are

not our wars." And the Captains ordered their comrades to shoot them for mutineers.

Then they harried their neighbours till they left in the border nothing but earth and sky. Yet they did not find the Kingdom of Heaven.

Nevertheless, the Army marched on, and came to a pleasant land where the earth brought forth abundantly: Each Captain took for himself all the land he could fence about. And hunger and crime and want and misery settled among the Soldiers.

Then one arose and cried: "It is written, Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Justice." The Soldiers listened and said: "That means that we should choose good leaders." Still they made Captains from those whom cunning and choice had brought forward, and the Captains made themselves rich.

When war harassed the legions from without, and strife harassed them from within, the poor soldiers said, like you and me: "We must go yet a long march to the Kingdom of Heaven."



VI

THE CHARITABLE MAN

ONCE upon a time a man owned a herd of cattle, which were lean even to starvation, and their bones stuck out of their skins. He owned also a luxuriant pasture, from which his cattle were excluded by a strong, high fence. But his owner, whatever might be said of his wits, was a kind-hearted fellow, who occupied himself daily in pulling handfuls of grass from the pasture and shoving them through the fence to the hungry animals outside. Nevertheless, the weaker cattle starved and died. One day a passer-by said to him :

“ Friend, do you own these cattle ? ”

“ I do.”

“ And do you own the pasture ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Then why don't you let down the bars, so that the cattle can feed themselves ? ”

Said the owner : “ I have as yet failed to see that letting down the bars would be a panacea for all the leanness these cattle are heirs to.

Instead of broaching far-away theories, something practical ; jump over the fence ; help me to pull some grass and feed it to calves."



VII

COLUMBUS I, LAND OWNER

ACCORDING to the doctrine of Zoroaster, man according to their deserts, live over again greater or lesser parts of their former lives every cycle of ten thousand years. So memory of this former period may account for the strong sense which every one sometimes feels of having passed through exactly the same events in the same order once before. The re-enactment of our sins, and the re-exaltation of our own dead virtues form the future reward and punishment. The Lords of Life and Death showed to the writer, as in a vision, events in his life of a former aeon.

Thus they befell. He sailed in a curiously high-pooped ship, and under a great command named Columbus. Hardships there were

which the quiet and simple sailor shared, and mutiny with which he would only argue. The story has been told from the re-enacted experience in our own aeon, how at last land was sighted and a new world discovered.

After Columbus stepped on land in that primal age, he did a great, though unremembered wrong, and for this sin, in our later age, the course of events was changed to error and misfortune for him. What he found on shore—the disappointment which he suffered in that later age of 1492 A.D.—we know. But it was not so in the beginning. In that earlier, purer cycle, in which the writer figured, Columbus at least wrung from the hapless natives no tribute of gold—he searched for no Eldorado—he practised no cruelties—he sent no slaves back to Spain. No; having found a better country, he sought not to return to the vices and strifes of already overcrowded lands. This great and gentle soul merely announced that, by the right of discovery and of pre-emption, he owned all the land of America, and there would make his home. His wants were few—a handful of his faithful followers, by a

little toil, furnished him with all that he could consume and all that he needed for his comfort. His mental vigour gave way under the strain of owning so much. He became fat, stupid and lazy—but he held on to the country ; and those followers who served him best he allowed to work upon his land.

In return for the privilege of living in the recesses of his continent, two or three of the docile Indians gladly brought him all the game and fruits he and his friends could use ; but the problem was what to do with the “unemployed.” There was no demand for labour. The commander was naturally unwilling to allow his dependents to work on land for which they could not pay him rent, and, as he already had all the goods that his leisure and the capacity of his stomach allowed him to consume, there was nothing valuable to him with which they could pay.

It would have struck at the foundation of rent to have allowed the overpopulation of Indians or the surplus sailors to use the land for nothing. It would have been neither wise nor right, for then no one would have paid any

and "progress would have stopped; the
ed class have been abolished and society
urned."

rything that an obese mortal could do
bus did to "improve the condition of the

He wrote a book upon "Agricultural
ssion." He ate five meals a day so as to
se consumption. He counted the cases
rvation, and tabulated the fatal cases as
atavism, drink, gluttony, inertia, ignor-
shiftlessness, vice, and (possibly) lack of

deeply felt the distress, and donated to
or fund all the unripe fruit which fell of
and all the diseased animals he gave for
y; but the depression continued. He
ted the Indians in the use of traps, so
hey could catch more game, but there
ess and less market every day. Prices
urfully low, for the few who were allowed
duce anything could find none who had
ng to exchange for the product. Colum-
established a tariff and precluded further
ration, so as to make work. He ap-
d a Commissioner to figure out that his

people were getting high wages, but they began to complain ; they became socialistic and formed trades unions ; they "struck," and would not work for less than they could live upon ; but day by day, as civilization advanced, and the country was surveyed by Columbus, and "developed" by his captains (who planted a grant instead of a banner), living became harder. Columbus instructed his philosophers to teach that this was due to a single standard, but the writer taught that it was due to over-production (Columbus made him a professor).

The priests taught religion, and the people heard them gladly, yet disease and crime followed famine in the land.

It seems clear that these people were totally depraved. Their sufferings were the result of their original sin. Tumults arose and huge uproar—Columbus was one against many.

What then ? Darkness streaked with red—then sunlight.

The vision passed from me and the dream was closed:



VIII

THE SHIP OF STATE

AGES and ages ago a great ship set sail for the Port of Happiness, and on her voyage she ran aground in the darkness. But the passengers took no notice of it, and the officers, seeing that they would be blamed, made as if all were well. The weeds and barnacles grew about the ship and it seemed that she had always stood still. As for the crew, they said, "Why should we care if only we earn our usual pay?" But the ship was straining and in danger of going to pieces. She pounded heavily upon the sand. "Those noises," said the captain, "are strikes. We have always had such troubles."

One day a Fisher came to the coast, and when he saw the ship he began to push at it; the passengers laughed at him. Others passed by, and to them he called, "Come and help me." And now and then one joined him. The officers said: "These people are disturbers of the peace. They must be driven off." And others said: "If they push the ship off, no one

knows where she will go or what will become of her."

Then a passenger stood up and shouted to those who worked : " You fools, your intentions are good but you are ahead of the time; the wind is against you." The Fisher replied : " The tide is rising." And still he cried for help. Some of the passengers came forward and helped him push, and the timbers creaked. " That," said the ship's doctor, " is the necessary strife of nature." And some of those who were on board grew sick in the hot rays of the sun, so that their groans annoyed the others, and they put the sick in the hold.

He who pushed cried out, " The Kingdom of God is at hand." The officers did not understand him ; therefore they put him to death.

Nevertheless the commotion attracted many, and now and then one left his work and helped to pry or prised with a lever, or fastened a float on the ship. And some, though meaning to strengthen the ship, fastened weights on her. These they called reforms and changes. The Pilot said : " To try to get the ship to be Utopian. Let us make the people as

—fortable as possible, so that they will be quiet.”

But as the toilers strove wearily and almost discouraged, a wind from God came out of the west, and when all pushed, the great ship moved off, and behold, it had tarried almost in sight of the Kingdom.

And many of those who were pushing died in the chill water, and some were drowned and many forgotten. But their names are written in the book of remembrance of Him who cried, “The Kingdom of God is at hand.”



IX

THE EARTH HATH HE GIVEN FOR AN INHERITANCE

A FATHER provided a feast for his children. When all was ready the eldest boy went early to the door; and when the rest came he said

“Before you can get any of this provision you must pay me for a place at the table; I got here first.”

“Why, brother,” said a little girl, “you

can't eat all that food, nor sit in all those chairs. There are more than enough places for us all to sit in."

"No," said the boy, "but when you get hungry, you will give me all your toys for one place."

Just then the second son came in ; he was large for his age, and rather rough, so he took the little monopolist by the neck and threw him out.

"Now," said he, "I'll take those toys, please, and if you wish to come back, you may gather them in for me—then I will let you take a little of the food."

His smart little sister said : "Brother, I can make those things much nicer: I will cook the apples, and sugar the pies—if you will let me have the seats down at the end for myself."

So he agreed, and she rented out those few seats, hired a servant to do the work, and got so much to eat that it made her sick.

But the youngest boy was smarter yet: He ran in, crying: "A big circus is passing, and the lion has broken out and is fighting—"

The rest of the children were too weak from hunger to take much notice, but the small seat owner and his tenant ran out to see; "Now," said the little fellow, "I have the seats. We have had a great deal of disorder, and we, who are so many that we can keep those usurpers out, must make an agreement to establish my title, so as to stop this continual change."

The innocent children agreed and grew hungrier still:



X

THE UNSATISFIED ANIMAL

WHEN God bade Adam work for bread,
And till the earth by hand,
He did not post up signs like this :
"No trespass on this land."

God's alms don't pauperize the poor,
Nor take the toilers' share,
They are not paupers through His gifts
Of sun, and rain, and air.

Just lend the poor man seed and land,
When begging to be fed,
Teach him to use his own strong arms
And ask the earth for bread.

L'ENVOI.

Don't talk so much about the poor
And causes of their dearth.
They but suspect it: but we know
The poor just want the earth.

E. B. & B. H.

**XI****A REVISED VERSION**

"THE Lord bringeth thee into a good land,
a land of brooks of water, of fountains and
depths which spring out of valleys and hills
(which thou mayest hire of the water com-
panies): a land of wheat and barley (which
thou mayest raise upon shares), and vines and
fig trees and pomegranates (which will help

"How the Other Half Lives," upon us 27

thee and thy children to pay the hire of thy lot); a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness (if thou canst give the price for the field); thou shalt not lack anything in it (save only the rent thereof).

"A land where stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass (for those who hold the title to the hills)." Deuteronomy viii. 7, 9.



XII ,

"HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES," UPON US:

LONG ago there was a great swarm of Bees working together, and they made much honey. And because the Drones ruled the hive, they took what honey they could use. And each worker made a little honey to help the government, and there was plenty for all.

The Bees multiplied and spread out over new fields. Then they devised boxes which held the comb in place; some of the Bees

28 **"How the Other Half Lives," upon us**

made the comb, some gathered honey, and some cared for the young.

So they got much honey, and the hive increased till no one dared attack them; and they made laws for themselves.

Some of the Drones began to take the filled boxes for themselves. "We get these," said they, "because we govern the Workers who make honey in our fields."

They stored up these boxes, and the honey fermented, so that the Drones were drunken on it: Still they took more boxes. "We take these," said they, "because we permit the Workers to get honey in our fields."

Then the Drones began to change the laws to profit themselves. Some of the Workers objected and buzzed and showed their stings. The Drones said to them, "Why oppose us? Rather come in with us, and you also shall be drunk with honey." And the agitators took a very little honey and were stilled.

So the Drones took still larger boxes of honey. "You must pay us these," said they, "because we can prevent the Workers gathering any honey in our fields."

And it came to pass that there was not enough honey for all, and there were no fields open to work, so that some Bees were starved. The Drones said with a sigh, "Verily, the poor we have always with us (else we would have to work)."

The stored-up honey began to stink, and to breed disease; the Drones gave away a little of the spoiled honey in charity; and the Queen Bee cried, "It is God who sends this suffering. How mysterious are His ways!"



XIII

THE TAX AS A WEAPON

A HAWK perched himself on a lofty wall watching a flock of sheep. He exacted the lambs of the flock as his tribute, but he called the tribute "taxation."

An archer, who saw him from an ambush, took careful aim, and wounded him to death. The monopolist gave one look at the shaft

that had pierced him, and saw in that single glance that its feathers were made of a tax.

"It is doubly hard to me," he exclaimed, "that an arrow winged with hawks' feathers should bring me low."



XIV

DOING THE NEXT THING—OR, THE "PRACTICAL" REFORMER

A BENEVOLENT Man set out to lead men in the paths of Peace, but his steps were turned in the other direction.

A Wise Man said: "You are going astray. You must turn about face." He answered, "Your theory may be good in the abstract, but I cannot stop to consider it. I am doing the immediate practical work of overcoming the obstacles at hand."

The path which he made led many astray, and the Wise Man repeated, "If you would succeed you must turn to the right." "I have no time," replied the Benevolent One,

to discuss panaceas ; if you really wish to do some good, come and help me fill up my social gulf or bale out that landlocked Sea of Misery."

And because he was a Benevolent Man many followed after him and they made men sick with toil, forsaking Justice for Expediency:

**XV****AN UNPRACTICAL POLITICIAN**

THERE was a mighty people which dwelt in great darkness. Because of the darkness the oppressors came and spoiled them, and Evil Beasts took possession of the land.

Each citizen said to himself, "The thick darkness can be felt ; affairs are in a hopeless state." A woman said, "Nevertheless, I will lift up my light." When she had lifted it up, the savages attacked her, and even her own people murmured : "You but help the Robbers and show them where to strike." Others cried : "You dazzle the eyes of the people so that

they know not where they are going." The crowd pressed upon her, so that it did not seem any the brighter for her solitary light, and she was well-nigh discouraged.

Nevertheless she fought on, defending her little gleam, and her light did shine.

But the leaders loved the darkness, therefore they said: "You are attracting the enemy." She thought in her heart: "On one side and on the other there are surely some who have their lamps burning. They cannot see each other, and each thinks he is alone. My ray they may see, and know that they are not without companions."

Around her the fight raged still more fiercely; there was none to help; her strength was almost spent—and her light was trampled out. As she sank down to die, one behind her took courage of her, and lifted up his light, and there gleamed other lights, and behold another, and another.

But she did not see them.

Yet her light does shine. "Yea," saith the Spirit, "they do rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

XVI**THE WALKS OF LIFE**

SUNDAY'S text was, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." At the time I said it was a very good sermon; but to-day, in my walk in the every-day world, I said to myself that, like a great deal else in the New Testament, it was meant only for the Jews; the times have changed all that. For I passed by, and saw a footman standing in the bitter cold, coughing; so I asked the lady who came out of the great house if it was needful to have him out on such a day? She said gently, "Do I not pay him for it? Others would be glad to do it for less; and I give him and the coachman employment—waiting. I hope my horses have not got cold while I was inside doing sewing for the unemployed—which would sell for eighteen cents." Then I told her, if the horses got pneumonia, that would give more work still to the veterinary, and

the footman could go to the hospital free. But she said that was cruelty to animals, and had nothing to do with her men ; so I passed on.

Then I saw two little children playing marbles, only they had no marbles, nothing but little round stones which they had searched out ; and their father sat gloomily on the doorstep. He is a stone-cutter, a steady man, and would work for twelve dollars a week—the rent is four—but he has no work. It is hard to get work in the winter, so he must stay and mind the two younger children while his wife goes out washing at a dollar and a quarter a day. But she cannot get enough to do. On the next block I could see the office of the " Aid to Employment Society," so I said to myself, " This is not very sad after all, because if he is worthy—that is, in danger of starving—he can get food at the " Down Town Relief Bureau " or the " Leake Dole of Bread " ; so I passed on.

Then the wind blew my hat off, and a gentle-looking man caught it and handed it to me, and looked so pleased, as though I had done

him a favour, that I, who am a garrulous old fellow, talked to him, too. He was a copyist—an elderly man—and he was looking for work. I do not think he can have been very capable; he said that the Young Men's Christian Association taught a great many stenographers at their free evening classes, and that girls were doing the work too, and that makes it hard. He never had been able to save anything, and sickness had brought him in debt; he would work for eight dollars a week. "But," said I, "life for you and your wife is not worth having on so little as that; I would rather starve at once." "Well," said he patiently, "I go to the reading-rooms of the Cooper Union, and that is pleasant, only they will not let me smoke my pipe, and my daughter (she is only a factory girl now), belongs to the 'Girls' Friendly,' while my wife gets a little help (not charity, you know) at the Mothers' Meeting." So I said to myself that this was all very good; and I passed on.

I went into Nineteenth Street. Near Sixth Avenue there is a dark alley, ill-smelling, foul.

I thought to myself, this is very strange that there should be such a place so close to the rich lady's great house ; so I went in. In the front is a tumble-down tenement, and in the rear is another. I climbed up a crooked little stair covered with ashes, thrown there for lack of a worse place, and knocked at the door of the top story. It was a room a little higher than my head, and about as big as your butler's pantry. There were three other "rooms" opening into it, for all of which the mother pays nine dollars a month. The three "rooms" are dark closets, one of which, however, has a little window. They were not very clean, because in each of them the bed fills the whole space ; there our sister lives with nine children. Nevertheless, she had a guest, a stranger whom she took in from the streets the night before. The place was not very healthful, for in the yard between it and the front house were the closets used for both buildings. I talked with her, and found, sure enough, she did drink sometimes, which I thought to myself was very unnecessary when she could amuse herself and her children so well in her home. Downstairs

they told me all about her. I fear she was not a nice woman, but perhaps refinement does not grow in such a place.

Downstairs they took me for a health officer, and owned up that there were two families on every floor (which probably meant four). And I saw two vacant lots in the next block ; so I supposed they could go and live there, or at least they could be industrious and save money and buy the lots. So I said to myself that this misery was the will of God ; and I passed on. As I went out a girl hissed at me from behind the shutter, and I stopped to speak even to her. She said that she took to that way of life because she loved nice clothes (that seemed to me natural ; all good women love these), and drudgery was hard, and she had no friends or amusement. I supposed that she could have got a place as a trained servant, and that she richly deserved all that she suffered ; so I passed on. Then I said to myself, I could get her a place, or at least, one for her little sister. But no one would take the child. One said she did not look strong, another that she was not energetic, another that she was ignorant.

So I asked the great ladies how many of their friends were not delicate, or lazy, or ignorant, and if they knew any of them who would make good waitresses ? But they said no, that they were the upper classes, and did not need to be so good as common people. So I said to myself, these are not really our sisters ; only the upper classes were made in His image, and each will find her proper place ; so I passed on. The scrubbing woman went out as I did. She said, " Good-evening, your honour," which was very respectful, so I talked with her. She is seventy-five years old, does not drink ; her husband is sober too ; he is seventy, quite a young man, she said ; he was a watchman, and got the rheumatism ; now he could only watch in houses ; he could give good references, so when they had a house to take care of in the summer, they did nicely, but they had never been able to save anything. She did not look as though she spent money on dress, but I suppose she could not have been economical, otherwise they would have been rich. Then I said to myself that this also must be as it should be, because—because

—but you will have to think that out for yourself. So I passed on.

I saw that there was no real scarcity of money, because in the basement there was an embroiderer filling in an elaborate blanket for a baby's cradle. It was to be raffled for at the church fair ; and I suppose that the old bachelor who gets it (we manage such things at bazaars) will give it back again ; and the young ladies will laugh, and kiss the roses and sell them to him at a dollar apiece, and there will be a great deal of fun and jollity, and the good Lord will get money thereby to carry on the work of His church.

Then I said to myself, we have also the Charity Ball, where there is dancing, and harmless mirth, and ladies expose their innocent breasts, and get lots of champagne, and behold, the hospital coffers are filled with money, yet no one misses it. And I supposed that I saw the decrees of Providence even in that ; so I passed on.

Then I said to myself, what a foolish old sermon that was ; all that about, Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of my

brethren, ye did it not unto me." Our latter-day people will be able to explain to the Lord that the "brethren" he meant must have been tramps, at the least, or they would not have got into prison; they must have been lazy. For Mr. Carnegie (who is a very kind man) says that no one willing to work need be out of employment in America. If they were naked it was their own fault, or at least God's doing, because He said, "The poor ye have always with you." Besides, Mr. Atkinson says that ever since those days the labourer has been getting "an increasing share of an increasing product." If they were hungry, their own strikes and labour combinations were responsible, and even then they could have gone to the soup kitchens.

So I said to myself, I will ask the minister to read no more of that chapter in Matthew, nor about such things as "adding field to field till there be no place," because such preaching only makes us respectable people feel uncomfortable, and unsettles the working-classes about our owning the earth. We are contented with our lots; why are not they contented

with theirs, when every professor says the land-owning system is the best possible, because no enlightened nation has ever even tried any other? Then I said to myself, there is no connexion between land and labour. So I passed on.

**XVII****THE TREE OF EQUITY**

In the Garden of the King stood a beautiful Tree; a fountain nourished it with the water of Love, and beneath its boughs the Children did their wholesome work and played.

Some of the King's Servants said: "This Tree is good for shade; but in the world we have seen charitable trees which give food, and drink, and medicine, and raiment, as well as shade. Therefore we will plant such trees beside the other."

And these new trees grew up and shut off the winds of heaven from the Tree of Equity, so that it twisted and waxed weak. Moreover,

the water of the fountain was drawn off. Therefore the leaves of the Tree of Equity withered away.

And when its shade was lost the fierce heat of Competition beat down and sucked up the springs of Love, so that the sap dried out from the earthly trees, and those who sought shelter from the heat were mocked by withered boughs.



XVIII

BECAUSE THEY WERE ASSES

THE Monkeys, being as lazy as you are, began to ride the Donkeys. A big Monkey would ride in front of the herd; this he called "being their leader"; although, since the Donkeys were strong, he had in the end to go the way the Donkeys wished.

Sometimes the Donkeys kicked. Then the Monkeys called them "Anarchists."

The Monkeys grew so fat and heavy

The Asses had no strength remaining to get their own food.

They began to complain, and to seek for causes and cures. A sweet girl Monkey said : " I will take them some flowers to allay their discontent—we will establish a Flower Mission." The Monkeys subscribed liberally.

A dear little Monkey added : " I will hold a Charity Fair, which will raise enough from the Benevolent Apes to send some of the young Asses' Colts to the fields for a week." The Monkeys called that " Enlightened Charity." A long-eared Monkey cried : " No, preach temperance ; those Beasts of Asses drink so much that they have no time to eat and nothing to eat in the time if they had it." The Monkeys restricted the sale of drink—to Asses.

A big Ass said : " What we need is a high wall around so as to keep out pauper hay—then the Monkeys will give us employment cultivating hay fields, and pay us with some of the hay." The Monkeys made a wall so close that the Asses could not see through it. Said a small Donkey : " We need cheaper money so that we can buy some leisure time

from the Monkeys who make the money. The Monkeys did not like this—they were only Monkeys.

"Now," said an Ecclesiastical Ape, "sin is at the bottom of all this. These Monkeys are on top of you because your hearts are corrupt." So he preached to the Monkeys about the depravity of Donkeys.

"I have discovered," said a Mule, "that it is because lower-class animals are lazy—that all this want and suffering exists." (The Monkeys made that Mule a Professor.)

Still the Asses kicked.

"Have we not done all that we could for you?" said the Monkeys. "What you really need is a Strong Government, to provide formidable Arms for us, and to insure the stability of the Social Order." Then the Asses voted additional appropriations for all these things, and many enlisted in the "National Guard."

The Monkeys had the spending of the Money.



XIX

HOW THE DOCTORS AT LAST AGREED

PATIENT with a rope twisted tight around his chest was brought to the Sociologic Hospital. His skin was chafed and bruised by the cord, and fever burned him so that he was like to perish outright.

Said Dr. Divine: "We must first make you and your fellows religious, so that you won't come to such dreadful straits."

"No," said Dr. Socialis; "first do away with competition, which makes men enemies, then if the patient needs religion, it may be administered."

Dr. Charitas said: "Good homes would prevent all this. Now here is a plan for improvements——"

"Too much animal food," said Dr. Vegetaria; "he must learn to live on oatmeal; then wounds will readily heal—indeed, no one will afflict them."

Says Dr. Monomet: "Take the gold cure, my good man—one pill after——"

"That's just the matter—too much gone now," remarked Dr. Coin. "But here are some silver-coated pills. Take sixteen——"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Ballot. "When the complexion is all right, your whole body will be well. I have here an Australian wash which will fix you right up."

"First take this aqua pura to steady your head," cried Dr. Prohib. "Here is a prescription, the effect of which combined with——"

"Nonsense," said Dr. Legis, "he needs a law forcing him to have less of that fever which is eating him up."

Cried Master Freedom: "Cut the rope which binds these causes——"

Then all the doctors united in yelling: "Anarchist, Visionary, Crank, Quack, Radical, Utopian, Revolutionary, Fool!"

Meanwhile the patient died, and the coroner's jury decided that his death was due to natural causes.



XX

1776 TO 1903

LION used to feed upon a herd of Cattle, taking whatever he pleased, because he owned the Colony. He called this a Monarchy.

Some of the Bulls, however, having grown formidable Horns, in the West, sent the Lion word that Taxation without representation is Tyranny, and declared War. After an unsuccessful struggle with them, the Lion handed down the following tradition :

He said he : " My Legitimate Offspring will take one-third of your Increase ; while you pay the rest for your Representatives. We will call our Offspring Landlords, and they will tax you."

" This will be a Democracy." The Bulls were perfectly satisfied, or seemed to be so.

MORAL :

This Fable teaches that Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty, and that this price is very high for the Quality of the article which we get ; also that the Landlord is per-

Social Economics and Political Economy,
"therefore you can't have it."

"Capital," said the Baby, "what's that?"

"Things used to produce more things,"
replied the Emeritus Professor of S. E. &
P. E.

"That seems clear," said the Baby. "Are
there no such things which you call 'capital'
in the world?"

"Oh, yes; there is an overabundance of
capital. It goes to waste because we can't
find employment for it."

"Lend me some of it," said the Baby. "I'll
use it."

"You can't, for you have no land to use it
on," replied the E. P. of S. E. & P. E.

"Is everybody working who could use it
for me?" persisted the troublesome child.

"No," replied the Professor. "Not exactly.
You don't seem to understand the law of
Supply and Demand."

"What is this law of Supply and Demand?"
asked the Baby.

"It is," said the Professor, "that when
people want things others make them for

em—that is—well—ah—you are too young
understand that. They need capital.”

“Where does capital come from?” asked
the Baby again.

“Why, men make it by work out of land,
and the products of land.”

“If I made some would I own it?”

“Yes—that is—er—certainly you ought to.”

“All right,” said the Baby. “My father
will work and make some capital for me; so
now let me have room for my cradle.”

“I told you before,” replied the Professor,
there is too much capital already.”

“Well, let me have a place to stand, and I
will do some work.”

Said the Professor: “Nobody wants your
work.”

Said the Baby: “I want it myself. If I
can’t work, how can I live?”

“You can’t have it,” answered the Social and
Political Economist. “There is an overproduc-
tion of goods, a large number of persons who
want goods, and so many people to work that
they can’t find anything to do.”

“I don’t understand that,” said the Baby.

"Neither—do—I," said the Professor slowly.

"When I grow up I'll buy some land with the capital I make."

"There won't be any land for sale by the time you grow up. It will be just like England."

"Isn't there enough land? Is all the land there used?"

"Oh, dear, no, it isn't all used, but it is all valuable, and there is a short supply."

"What makes land valuable?" asked the Baby.

"The increase of persons there," said the Professor promptly—"even a baby ought to know that."

"Have I given a value to this land by being born?"

"Certainly," replied the E. P. of S. E. & P. E.

"Then I want a share of that value which I have made," said the Baby.

"But," said the Professor, "that belongs to the owners of the land."

And as the Baby had nothing to live on, it died. And afterward the Professor died, and

then God asked him some questions about Social and Political Economy.



XXIII

THE FIRE

THERE was a great fire in a pit. It had been built with toil, and it was fierce and bright. Huge logs blazed up, heating each other, and the flames roared hungrily.

On the edge of the pit, beyond the fire, a fagot had been blown. No one saw it. The outside of it was charred and cold. But its heart glowed. It was a little fagot.

The great fire died out, for all its fuel was consumed. The air grew damp and chill.

There came a wind from God, and the fire in the little fagot waked. Slowly a wreath of smoke curled out, slowly a little tongue pushed up, and the fagot burst into flame. Softly the flame crept through the grass; it touched a tree, and vaulted wildly up—the forest was a fire, and its brightness lighted up the World.

The little fagot's mission was fulfilled, and it burned out, like the great fire. No one noticed it. Its fuel also was consumed.



XXIV

LABOUR'S JOURNEY

A STRONG horse set out on a never-ending journey, and, because the way was steep, and the flints sharp, and his Driver stern, he fell lame the very first day ; but in process of time his feet hardened, and by Natural Selection, he learned to pick out the smooth places, and to avoid the rocks ; so when he came to where the road was smoothly paved with Invention, the Prophets said : " Surely he will one day come to the end of his journey."

But he passed across the common lands, and a great thorn ran up into his hoofs, so that he fell lame worse than before. But the driver Necessity, lashed him all the harder.

Then the Doctors considered his case ; they saw that he was shod with the Iron Law of

= Wages, and that Competition pressed him down.

= So they bound his feet with Unions, lest he should take too long steps, and decreed that he should work but eight hours a day. They brought him thin broth called Charity, and put a check rein on him for "Protection."

But he grew only the worse, and began to bite and kick at those against whom he stumbled.

Then the Prophets said : " He is depraved and ignorant, and he must be taught."

So they made a law for Compulsory Education, but he became more discontented still, and great blotches broke out on his body.

"These," said they, "are Social Evils." So they plastered them with Expediency, and he checked his fever with Drink. Necessity lashed him only the harder. Then they organized a Society for the prevention of cruelty, and made labour laws ; yet he went all the more painfully.

"This," said they, "is the result of overcrowding in stables," and "we must take measures," they said, "for the suppression of sweating."

XXV**A SACRAMENT OF DECEIT**

THERE was a man who wished to serve the great King ; for, he said to himself: " I am strong of hand and loving of heart, therefore I will help forward the coming of the Kingdom."

He took up the lamp of truth and went against the hosts of darkness, but when the adversary pressed upon him he was afraid, and, laying down his lamp, he hid himself in a refuge of lies.

Now, when the enemy had taken up the lamp, they saw through the wattled walls of falsehood, and, falling upon the poor soldier within, wounded him and left him for dead.

It chanced that another of the children of light passed that way, and when he was asked, " Is your army of such as this ? " he thought, " Why should we be ashamed in the face of the foe ? " Wherefore he said : " This was not of our people."

So, when the wounded man revived, the enemy thought that there had been a mistake,

and because they spoke softly to him, and because their General's promises were large, he joined the enemy.

To him the Kingdom came not at all.



XXVI

A CURE FOR A CONSCIENCE

A CERTAIN Man was troubled with a conscience. He felt that his life was not what it should be. Therefore he resorted to the physicians. He asked a statesman if politics would agree with his conscience. The statesman replied that conscience had a place in politics but that if we followed conscience we could accomplish nothing, for in politics, obedience to conscience is an iridescent dream.

"We must," he explained, "discover the best issue presented, and vote for that, though it be not abstractly right, else we shall throw away our votes. If we act thus we may not only serve the state, but attain to office." The Man thought, "I like not the morality of the poli-

tician." (This Man was a dangerous man.) The Man then asked a high priest if his conscience could be made useful, and the priest answered : " Yes, man is nothing without a conscience—on Sundays ; on week days it were well for him to leave his conscience in church." The priest added : " The teachings of Christ are counsels of perfection. If every one would obey them you also might do so, but here you must act as best you can, and if you do the best you can, all will be right with you in the next world." " But," said the Man, " I live in this world." The Man asked a man of this world what he should do with his unsatisfied conscience. The captain of industry answered : " You had better put your conscience in cold storage. The laws of business and the penal code embody the moral law ; you have only to consider them. If your conscience is uneasy smash it with the ledger and heap upon it the revised statutes. So may you get—rich." And the Man with a conscience went away sorrowful, for he had much conviction. Yet was the Man not discouraged. He asked the theologians, and they answered variously : " If

you would have peace—believe,” “sacrifice,” “work,” “fast.” And nearly all said “give,” but not a single one said “love.” Then the Man went to a prophet of God, and the prophet said: “Seek first the Kingdom.” The Man asked, “Shall I get thereby high office?” “You will be a servant of servants.” “Shall I get riches?” “You must leave all to follow the light.” “Shall I have a quiet mind?” “It is written, ‘I come not to bring peace, but a sword.’” “What, then, do you offer me if I seek the Kingdom?” “I offer you only a love for men and the joy of a spiritual life.” The Man said: “The road to the Kingdom is dark.” And the prophet answered: “The light is within you, and it is written, ‘The path of the just is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.’”



XXVII

THE DESERVING HORSES

A HERD of Horses grazed on a great plain, and because grass was easy to get, they would work for no one but themselves.

The Riders began to put fences about the best pastures (in order to preserve the country). Then the Horses were willing to work for the Riders, but only if they could get corn to eat. Therefore the Riders passed laws to regulate the hire of Horses, and the Horses jumped the fences, and would work for little less than before.

The Riders made an outcry that wolves were coming, so that the Horses huddled together. Then the fences were extended around the whole herd. When the Horses wished to run against the fences to break them, the Riders cried: "Stand by us, and we will protect you." Nevertheless, when the wolves did come the Riders only drove out some of the Horses to trample upon them. And they made the fences strong and high.

The Horses starved in the pens, and the charitable among the Riders began to consider the Condition of Society. Said they: "The rate of mortality among Work Horses is frightful."

"That," said a noted Driver, "is because their habits are filthy. Look at that pen!"

"I think rather," said a Ring Master, "because they are ignorant. These Horses do not even know how to act, else I would mount them and care for them."

"No," said the Horse Doctor, "it is because it is their nature to crowd together."

Said a Teamster: "The Horses are lazy."

"It is drinking too much," said a Farrier "that makes them hungry."

"They are improvident," said a Horse Dealer.

"Right," said a Huntsman. "Now look at this horse of mine. He used to break the fence, so I took him and fed him well. Any Horse might improve his condition that way."

"The Horses are all right," said a Horse Breeder, "except for inherent badness. They should be content with the condition in which

Providence, and we, for our own wise purposes, have placed them."

Many of the Horses died, and their bodies began to breed a plague. "This," said the Riders, "is intolerable. Something must be done." So they bought scent bottles for themselves.

They established a day nursery to care for young Colts while their Mothers were tilling the Riders' fields, and the Horses were looking for work.

They made a Hospital where sick Horses were experimented upon, and their corpses dissected gratis ; and the diseased and ricketty Horses, instead of dying off, produced offspring still more miserable.

They established a Fresh Air Fund to take the Colts (for a week) from the fetid pen. This looked rather inadequate, yet what saving of life it made still further overcrowded the pen.

They built model stables. These seemed to take up still more room. They established charitable employment bureaus, and taught the Colts to do Horses' work.

They gave them salt at cost, and Horse labour!

became cheaper yet. They gave free food. Then some of the Horses said, " If we can live without working, why should we work at all ? " These they called tramps.

And, seeing that some Horses, being hungry, would steal, and being tormented, become vicious, they made prisons so fine that all the Horses wanted to escape into prison.

They made Sanatariums and Solariums; They helped the helpless, which then became more helpless still. Finally a cry was raised that the Horses were being pauperized.

Said the Master of a Pen at Detroit : " We should let each deserving Horse use a vacant lot, so that Horses can get their own fresh air and food. They will live cleanly on the land. Do not bring the hay to them, but let them gather for themselves, and care for their own colts."

The Riders said that would be an interesting Experiment—if on a small scale—and appointed from the Association for Improving the Condition of the Horses, a Committee on the Cultivation of Vacant Lots by the Unemployed.



we not nurtured them, oh, so carefully, with tears and blood ! Surely now, O Lord, shall our thorns bring forth grapes."

But it came to pass that the Fire swept over them, and in the fire which licked up the thorns many good trees were burned, and in their place was left nothing but blackened stumps. And many of the children died in that fire.

The children said : " We had the best Intentions ; they should have brought forth grapes."



XXIX

A DIVIDED INHERITANCE

A CERTAIN Labouring Man died and presented himself at the gate of Heaven. The Gate-keeper said : " There is no room." " No room ? " said the Labourer. " But is it not written ' I go to prepare a place for you ? ' Did He not prepare one ? " " Well, yes," said Peter. " He did, but you see that was long ago, and since then all such places have been

taken up: We are overcrowded now." "But," the poor man urged, "surely I see a vacant lot over there." "True," answered the Keeper, "but that belongs to one of the Disciples; he has had it for nearly two thousand years; certainly, if anything does, that gives him a good title. You can hear him singing 'My Country 'tis of thee, sweet land——'" "Well," interrupted the applicant, "is not that an unused field right next the gate?"

"Yes," replied the Gatekeeper, "but that is the property of the Apostles. You know it was promised that to him who left houses and lands for the Truth's sake they should be restored sevenfold: that is their portion: you would not deprive us—them, I mean—of their hard-earned property?"

"Up there on the wall," the Man persisted, "there is a place where I could stay—I would not be in anybody's way."

Said the Keeper of the Gate: "You could, if you had anything to pay the rent, but I perceive that you have 'taken nothing with you.'"

"That is the way it is done on God's Earth," said the Labourer, "but here I supposed that

men were not so selfish and would let me live."

"Now, my dear brother," gently replied the Apostle, "don't talk like that. We are not selfish; we would be glad to help you, but we must be reasonable. If these Saints were to let people go there rent free, why, all the City would flock up there, and we would get no ground rent at all for any of our mansions. Selfish! why, there is no selfishness here, but we are just to ourselves and to each other."

"See here," said the Labourer discontentedly, "how did these people come to own the promised land in the first place?"

The good Peter looked a little uneasy; "Well," he answered, "some, I am afraid, did not get it very honestly—that was in the time of Lucifer. I don't remember having heard of any grant from the Creator, and I have heard something about the Kingdom of Heaven being taken by force, but it is now nearly all in the hands of innocent purchasers."

"Then," said the Labourer, "I'll take some by force." "Oh, no," says Peter, "that wouldn't do. Time and we have sanctioned the titles, and to take them away would be

confiscation: You haven't read the Duke of Argyll's essay, I think, nor Huxley, nor Spencer, nor even a late book of Mr. Lecky's, have you ? ”

“ Are those some of the Saints ? ”

“ Well, not our Saints,” was the answer, “ but—in fact,” says Peter, “ you don't understand these things.”

Said the Labourer : “ Why won't God make some more room here ? ”

Peter hesitated. “ He did make more room some years ago, but the Prophets saw how valuable it would be, and therefore laid claim to it all, so it didn't seem to do much good.”

“ And where shall I go ? ” says the Labourer:

Said Peter : “ Well, really it seems strange, but I don't think there is any provision in Earth or in Heaven for the man who only makes things and doesn't own the Land.”

Then said the Man : “ I see that knowledge of the way, rather than regeneration of the heart, is needed in order that all may share in the bounties of the Lord.”



XXX

ALL VERY GOOD

HONESTLY and without self-seeking I had been doing good in the world. Yet it seemed to me that things grew worse instead of better, and for myself I knew that I was growing old.

I looked for no reward of all my sacrifice. It seemed to me that I might have found a little gratitude, but there was none. Each seemed to expect a full return for all he gave or did. I said to myself that it was even so with the children of light—do not they also look for a heavenly crown! For myself I required no crown, but only that I might see the work of my hands and be satisfied.

And, because I was utterly sick of envy, and suspicion, and of human selfishness, I went out into the forest. There man was not, and all was beautiful. I lay down under a tree and looked up at the leaves and thought that every one of these was unremembered, as was I. But there the likeness ended, for with them all was

in the order of Nature, just as it ought to be.

It was very still, and I heard the leaves murmuring to themselves that it was near their fall, and that nothing had been done in their lives ; each chafed against another, yet through them came the breathing of the tree.

They told each other that the blossoms, which were so beautiful, had fallen. They had sheltered the blossoms, and watched them kiss and marry with each other ; but now death had taken them, and death — the leaves shivered.

The wind stirred the tree and some of the leaves fell. The others trembled forlorn on the branches, and sighed that their time was drawing nigh.

The leaves lay mouldering on the ground. The wind died down again ; and it was very still. And in the silences a voice came whispering through the stiffening boughs that when these dead leaves are ready for their higher use, the tree will touch them with its roots, and take them up again into itself ; that upon man and upon nature is the blessing and the curse ; that

men are also part of nature and that the fault of men are in the Plans of God.

I looked attentively at the leaves and found not one unbroken or without a spot. But a light shone on them, each itself and altogether they were beautiful. The voice shaped words for me my wandering thoughts, a man went out to preach that men are but as leaves through every one of which God breathes, every one draws higher up the strength of God and every leaf God uses to express Him. By every one of them he brings forth fruit.



XXXI

THE KINGDOM AT HAND

LONG before Moses was born, says a fable, a certain Hebrew opened his eyes and saw that the people sighed under oppression, and he said, "We are on the borders, let us rise up and be free." The people stared stupidly at him and bent again to their tasks. He repeated, "We

have but to go over the Red Sea, and our bondage will be at an end." They answered, " You are a Visionary and a Revolutionist ; would you upset Society ? "

But the Visionary agitated the more. He would not be stilled.

The high priests of Monopoly said, " He teaches confiscation. Did not the rulers buy this people with their hard-earned money ? The laws of nations have sanctioned the purchase."

He answered, " Let us go that we may serve the Lord."

The Lawyers said, " This man is a crank—a monomaniac—yet he is right ; we would like to see this experiment of Liberty tried—somewhere—on a small scale."

The Monomaniac cried, " We are more and mightier than they. We will not submit to a few."

A certain Philosopher of the Egyptians said, " Yes, theoretically he is right. We never had any title, and if this rabble will compensate us for what we have spent on feeding them, and on their sick, and on their little ones, they should

be set at liberty." This Revolution repeated, " Let my people go."

Others of the Wise Men murmured, we who rob them, not they who would. They are entitled to freedom—but they never attain it. Why, then, inflame the classes ? "

This Incendiary shouted, " You have no right to us, nor to our children, that we be your servants."

The Egyptians said, " There is injustice, people suffer, but we cannot help it. We will establish charities that they may be contented—lest this people should rebel."

So they sent a few children to the schools for a week, and they established Hospitals. Professors taught the people. But the people grew more discontented and turbulent. They instituted strikes here and there, and the Egyptians said, " This is Anarchy," and they turned them to the sword. The old Priests said, " Promises are Parables. Still, we may let the labourers go—a little way into the wilderness. But the people were afraid and would not enter into the land to possess it.

Many thousands whispered, "What the Seer tells us is true ; but," each one added, "I am only one, and what can one do alone ?"

Some of the Israelites said, "Yes, we must be free, but it will not be in our time. We want no theories. Shorten our hours, inspect our dwellings and give us old age pensions."

This crack-brained Theorist answered, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His just doing, and all things shall be added unto you."

So they blasphemed among themselves endlessly, saying, "Ours is an evil world, and in it there is no better state." "You must change human nature before we go." "That would be the Millennium." "This Promised Land is but a dream, or it is so far off that it is not worth while to start." And they disputed together about money, and tariffs, and factory regulations.

This Dreamer answered, "We lack nothing but the Promised Land." And when they would not hear, the Dreamer's heart was broken and he died, and even his name was forgotten, and his words were but dimly remembered.

But, in the fulness of time, Moses was born,

and he allied himself with God, and led the people out from their bondage. Yet because the people are of little faith, and because they will not go forward, they linger still upon the edge of the Promised Land.

**XXXII****THE COMFORTABLE COMFORTERS**

"WHEN a child is crying," said Sister Charity, "the first thing to do is to soothe and comfort it. Until you do, the child will hear neither reason nor instruction" ("not even then," she added).

"When a child is crying," said Dr. Divine, "the first thing to do is to purify and regenerate its little heart. Until you do, children's sorrows will never end" ("indeed, sorrows have no end," he added).

"When a child is crying," said Judge Law, "the first thing to do is to restrain and punish."

those who made it cry. Until you do, children will always be blubbing" ("and after that, still more," he added).

"When a child is crying," said the Disturber of the Peace, "the first thing to do is to find out what makes it cry. Until you do, you can't remove the cause."

"Why, we wouldn't want to remove the cause," said the others; "we'd have to remove ourselves."

In every striving it is given the soul to see that only he attaineth to the measure of a Man, who, with whatsoever light he hath in life or death, treads out the path of God.



XXXIII

THE JOY OF THE WORKING

THOUGHT that I was a husbandman whom God sent into a dreary world. I toiled breaking up the hard earth and clearing off the

ground, but the more I worked, the tougher looked my plot ; for, where the briars were cut away, stones showed through the shale.

I was tired ; and when I saw God, I said to Him that the vines went astray faster than I could straighten them, and that where I planted my grapes, wild grapes grew up instead. God said to me that there was strength in the wild grapes ; and I said, " Ay, Lord, but look at the stones." God said, " Do I not need the stones ? "

And when I saw that God watched me as I worked, I said, " The toil is hard, but I shall see the fruit." God turned away, saying, " You shall not see the fruit." I cried after Him, " But there will be fruit, O Lord ? " And God said, " For all your labour you get strength, not fruit."

I said, complaining, " Lord, it were so much better to find wild flowers that might be trained to be more beautiful ; but there are always thorns for me to eat." And God said, " If there were not thorns, I had here no need of such an husbandman as you."

I went 'on working,' for then I [knew that I

was labouring to make the Garden of the Lord that is to be.

**XXXIV****CONSOLATION**

THE blood was trickling from my heart, and I said that God had needlessly torn it with His hands. Friends came to bring me comfort,—comfort for me! They said, “Think not of your grief”; but grief gnawed in my brain.

The World said, “Here are pleasures—lay these to your heart.” But my heart quivered at their touch. A Wise Man said, “Nought happens needlessly,” and I answered, “Nought but this.”

Science cried to me, “Evil does not exist,” and yet I writhed in agony.

Hope said, “There is another World”; I answered, “It is long to wait and far to seek, and nothing can be known of it.” The Church said, “Look thou to God”; I said, “Should I seek the brutal God who tortures me?”

Satan whispered me, "Curse God and I said, "I have cursed God, but death not to me."

The World toiled past and took no rest, me, and time flowed in its course.

Then said a still small voice : "The w God are one. You have tasted of the bit of life ; will you not also taste the sweet said, "Who will show me how ?" And I answered, "I," and Pity answered, "I," Nature answered, "I," and they read to the book of Life and Love and Death, and comforted.



XXXV

THE DIVISION OF LABOUR

IN the old times a man made his plans, and work, received his product, said it was his and thanked his God that there was enough all, so no one need starve. Now an employer makes the plans, a labourer does the work, a monopolist receives the product, a pro

says it is all right, and a clergyman thanks his God there is too much for some, so no one need care.



XXXVI

**The Rev. Heavenly Holmes
on the Incorruptible
Inheritance**

A SERMON TO THE FOUR HUNDRED

"BELOVED brethren,"—so familiarly is it the blessed privilege of even the smallest and cheapest christian minister to address his employers.—

My text is, "The earth hath He given to the children of men,"—meaning, of course "gentlemen."

No man can add to or take away a cubit from its breadth. For the earth is the Lord's: it is not the product of any man's labour. How,

then, could you have got it if the Lord had not in His mercy given it to you ?

And He has given it, not to all, but to those who are able to hold it. But it is given as a Trust, and not for you to use yourselves. Now the object of all Trusts is to restrict production and to raise prices. And that you are so doing is shown by the vacant lands about the city, and by the way in which the real estate market is sustained.

He has given the land to you for an incorruptible inheritance—the only one that neither moth, nor meanness, nor rust can destroy—because you are meek, because you come here on Sundays to acknowledge that you are what nobody else could venture to call you, “ miserable sinners.”

Had not He, in His inscrutable providence, given it to you or to your ancestors, you would have had to render some service to society in order to make a living instead of getting it ; but by divine favour you have now to render service only to the Lord, who giveth unto you the spoils of your weaker brethren.

How you should praise His name, and how

generously should you support His temple and the system by which we profit so much !

But you have other duties besides this. You have to contend against the insidious attacks of sin on the lower classes. The primitive Christians contended against wickedness in high places, but we refined Christians have to contend against it only in the slums—not, to be sure, in person, but through proper missionaries and corporations.

I have here one of the annual reports of the New York Charity Organization Society, which is given as freely as the gospel in a mission church to all that apply. It gives a table of the causes of pauperism with an article by an expensive professor, explaining them away—the best method, my brethren, of avoiding an unpleasant discovery !

By offering congenial work to all “deserving cases” at sawing wood for fifty cents per day, this excellent institution refutes the atheistic cry that the Creator has not provided sufficient employment to support every one. We may easily imagine the exhilaration which comes from a few hours of this gentle exercise before

breakfast. Yet I grieve to say that a statistical table (the publication of which was lately discontinued) shows that about one man in ten refuses this simple and joyous work. My brethren, there are in this city three million persons. If one in every ten be unwilling to work, we have at our very doors the appalling total of three hundred thousand men in voluntarily idle—I mean idle voluntarily.

Why do not these people go to the fields? Because, my brethren, they are wicked. They will not live by faith, nor trust the Lord to provide for their children, while they are learning to do farm work. Nay, they fear to be alone in the country with their own evil thoughts. Therefore hath the Almighty turned the country over to you.

Their Agitators say that they have to go too far to find land, that you have taken it all up; that you have put up fences and prices, so that the children of God cannot get at His earth.

But you have taken only the land which people might easily use. Boundless and inaccessible tracts, for which no one can find a market, may still be had at nominal prices.

Ay, in our own State, farms abandoned by tenants who failed to make a living out of them may be bought for a song—above the encumbrances.

That they failed was due to their ignorance, my brethren. You should daily bow in gratitude that you are educated to gain a living at anything or at nothing. For, look again at our statistics. The dreadful fact stares us in the face that of the Association's "cases" nearly sixteen per cent. are unable to read and write. If they were intelligent, they might own newspapers and churches, editors and advocates, just as you do. Why do the children of these people insist on working in shops or factories instead of going to school and becoming intelligent like you?

Because, my brethren, they are shiftless and inefficient, the very words of the inspired report—nearly five per cent. are "shiftless and inefficient." This table does not, of course, give the figures as to babies, which you know are twice as numerous as are adults; but we may conclude that frightful vices are at least equally prevalent among the pauper young.

Counting the children, then, we have fifteen per cent. of the poor to be classed as "shiftless and inefficient."

These are mostly ignorant foreigners who are overwhelming our lovely civilization. As the table observes, only one-third of these people, even in the port of New York, are American born.

What wonder, then, that these degraded and dependent aliens are plunged in want! Here are other causes given, namely: "roving disposition," nearly one in five hundred and fifty; "dishonesty" and "imprisonment of bread-winners," more than one per cent. ! and "lack of employment" and "poorly paid employment," forty-four per cent.

It is horrible that in a civilized country "dishonesty" and punishment for crime and low wages should reduce forty-five per cent. of our population to penury. Truly, as the blessed Book tells us, their hearts are "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked."

But this report gives some still more appalling figures. It shows that the giant evil of intemperance accounts for another one in ten. How

startling and yet how soothing is this figure !
 An employer, for some reason, is reducing his help. Most employers are. Gradually, he lets those men go who are not quite steady. One of these men applies for relief to our delightful Society. Any one in want can freely apply. We send our visitor to find why he left his last place, and the employer says he laid him off because he was irregular in his habits. Ah ! we know the sin and shame involved in that ; and our superintendent tells the man it is his own fault, and he can do nothing for him except to report on his case. Or, lest we should seem unfeeling, we tell him to come back in a week, and then refer him to the police.

But time fails me : therefore, I pass over the computation that fifty per cent. of the "cases" of poverty need employment rather than relief. That is probably a misprint. But, if not, why do not the remaining forty per cent. reduced to pauperism by accident, disease, or old age, and so on, provide against such contingencies ? Because, beloved, they are the poor whom "we will have always with us"—else we should have to work.

The table of statistics is well worth the price of your annual subscription to the Society and you get in addition a placard referring applicants to it, which will save you twice much.

These people must be dealt with through charitable and church and military organizations. It behoves us to remember that, with regard to those by whose labours we live, we are, as our Master said, "but as sheep among wolves." At any moment their unbridled appetites may drive the multitudes to use the strength of which they are already conscious. They submit, not so much from stupidity because each of them thinks he has a chance in the game of grab. Therefore, they are somewhat content to hope against hope. When they realize that all their chance in this world is gone, the Church holds up a prospect of a better world, where all will be as the pew-holders in this church, who think of nothing but being happy, and know neither cold nor want nor shame—who have learned in whatsoever state society is, therewith to be content.

May the Lord give us peace in our time, and

hasten the day when the wicked shall cease from troubling us, when, from the least unto the greatest, all may be content—with our great gain ! Amen.



XXXVII

TOLSTOY'S IDEAL OF TRUE LIFE

UNDER the cold, dry earth grew a little root ; yet it was the root of a great Tree ; and around the Tree the plain was bare.

The root pushed up toward the light and heat, while its fellows pushed toward the water underneath.

When the root came to the light, it burst into a shoot, and put out a green top, and the shoot said, " All the plain is bare, and I am far from the tree ; I can do nothing." Nevertheless it pushed forward.

A drove of cattle passed by, and trampled down the little top, and it said, " This is death, and I have accomplished nothing."

Nevertheless, the root drew strength from the great Tree, and blossomed again into a shoot:

At last it pushed high up, and then it saw other shoots peeping from the ground about the Tree:

And some of them withered away and mouldered on the earth, but some waxed strong, and spread, and the branches covered all the plain:

The tree is God, the root is Life, the light is Love — and the shoots are ourselves, my Brothers.



XXXVIII

EN AVANT

“WHERE is there a breach in the walls of Monopoly ? ”

“ The breach is in front of you and of me ;
Climb up, therefore, my brother, with me, and
go in,

**and the citadel will fall, even into your hands
and mine.**

**or, if you will but look for it,
everywhere is a breach in the walls of Unright-
eousness."**

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS, to be obtained from THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS.

Post free at prices mentioned.

By TOLSTOY.

WHAT I BELIEVE, (My Religion), 224 pages. } A new uniform pocket
ON LIFE, A new translation. 196 pages. } edition edited by V.
WHAT IS RELIGION? etc., 208 pages. } TCHERTKOFF and A.
C. FIFIELD

Paper covers, 7d. each. Flexible cloth, gilt top, 1s. 2d. each. Soft leather, gilt top, 2s. 2d. each. The cloth and leather make dainty presents.

RESURRECTION. Tolstoy's last great novel. New edition, 324 pages, cloth, 2s. 4d. Library edition, illustrated, 6s. Cheap paper edition, 8d.

THE GOSPEL IN BRIEF. (The gospels harmonized and retold.) A remarkable work. Cloth, 2s. 10d. **THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN YOU**; or, Christianity not a mystical doctrine, but a new life conception. Cloth, 2s. 10d. Paper, 1s. 3d. **WHAT SHALL WE DO THEN?** The most practical and searching of all Tolstoy's economic works. Cloth, 2s. 10d.

WHAT IS ART? Translated by A. MAUDE. Cloth, 1s. 9d. **THE DOMINION OF DARKNESS**. A drama. Paper, 1s. 6d. **THE FRUITS OF CULTURE**. A comedy. (An excellent satire on fashionable life.) Paper, 1s. 8d. A 6s. edition of Tolstoy's Plays is now published.

THE FIRST STEP (a plea for Vegetarianism), 7d. **GUY DE MAUPASSANT**, 6d. **STOP AND THINK**, 6d. **PATRIOTISM AND CHRISTIANITY**, 7d. **THE CHRISTIAN TEACHING**, 6d. **IVAN THE FOOL** (a delightful story), 3s. 2d. **MODERN SCIENCE**, 16 pp., 1d. **THE TRIUMPH OF LABOUR**, 16 pages, 2d. **THE OVERTHROW OF HELL**, 1d. **AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY OF ALL COUNTRIES**, 1d.

ALSO THE FOLLOWING ARTISTIC BOOKLETS, ALL BY TOLSTOY.

Work while ye have the Light. 64 pp. (A Story of Christian Communism), 3d.

How I Came to Believe (My Confession). 64 pp., 3d. 13d.

Patriotism & Government, 40 pp., 3d.

Letters on War. 40 pp., 3d.

Thoughts on God. 40 pp., 3d.

Religion and Morality. 40 pp., 3d.

Some Social Remedies. 40 pp., 3d.

On the Personal Christian Life. 40 pp., 3d.

The Meaning of Life. 40 pp., 3d.

Demands of Love and Reason. 40 pp., 3d.

The Root of the Evil. 40 pp., 3d.

Forty Years. A Story. 64 pp., 3d.

The Slavery of our Times. 112 pp., 4d. (These 13 Booklets, post free, 3s. 3d.)

The Relations of the Sexes. 80 pp., 5d.

Popular Stories. 1st series. Containing 4 delightful stories. 80 pp., 5d.

Popular Stories. 2nd series. Containing 5 stories. 80 pp., 5d.

The Only Means. 16 pp., 1d.

Reason, Faith and Prayer. 16 pp., 1d.

My Reply to the Synod. 16 pp., 1d.

By J. C. KENWORTHY.

TOLSTOY IN LIFE AND WORKS. Personal visits to Tolstoy and a study of his life and works. Cloth gilt, 6s. **THE ANATOMY OF MISERY**. An excellent short summary of the economic position. 1s. 2d. Cloth, 2s. 3d. **FROM BONDAGE TO BROTHERHOOD**. A message to the Workers, 1s. 2d. **THE GOSPEL IN COMMERCE AND STATE**. Five lectures, 1s. 1d.

TOLSTOY'S TEACHING AND INFLUENCE, 2d.

THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS, 5, WATER LANE, E.C.

HOW TOLSTOY LIVES AND WORKS. By P. SERGUYENKO, 7d.
FIELDS, FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS. By F. KROPOTKIN.
 A cheap edition of this valuable and practical work, showing the possibilities of land under close cultivation, and the future for factory and workshop labour combined with agriculture. Boards, 1s. 3d.
AN APPEAL TO THE YOUNG. P. KROPOTKIN, 1½d.
CIVILIZATION, Its Cause and Cure. By EDWARD CARPENTER.
 Cheap edition of this remarkable book, 1s. 2d.
THE NEED OF A HUMANE SCIENCE. By EDWARD CARPENTER, 2½d.
VIVISECTION. By EDWARD CARPENTER and ED. MAITLAND. **EMPIRE IN INDIA AND ELSEWHERE.** By EDWARD CARPENTER, 2½d.
ENGLAND'S IDEAL, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By EDWARD CARPENTER, 2s. 9d.
PLAIN TALK IN PSALM AND PARABLE. By E. H. CROSBY.
 One of the most inspiring books of the day. Stout wrappers, 1s. 2d.; cloth, 2s. 3d.
THE EARTH FOR ALL. A calendar of quotations on the right to the land, from many sources. Compiled by E. H. CROSBY, 1s. 2d.
A LECTURE ON AGRICULTURE. By Sir A. COTTON. (The intensive theory), 4d.
AN UNOFFICIAL CATECHISM ON THE RELIGION OF THE CHRISTIANS. By one of them, 3½d. A fine little book.
A COMING REVOLUTION: England's Town and Country of the Future. By Capt. J. PETAVEL, R.E. A practical solution of the land problem, 3rd edition. Wrappers, 5d. Better edition, 1s. 2d.
DECENTRALIZATION OR PROTECTION? By same author. A suggestive pamphlet, 1½d.
COTTAGE PLANS AND COMMON SENSE. By RAYMOND UNWIN. **SOCIALISM AND CHRIST.** By Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD. **LAND VALUES AND LOCAL TAXATION.** By JUDGE O'CONNOR. **ALTRUISM** (Christ's Gospel of Love). By ROBT. BLATCHFORD. **THE NEW RELIGION.** By ROBT. BLATCHFORD. **MONOPOLY, OR HOW LABOUR IS ROBBED.** By WM. MORRIS. **USEFUL WORK AND USELESS TOIL.** By WM. MORRIS, 1½d. each.
A WORD OF CAUTION AND REMEMBRANCE TO THE RICH. By JOHN WOOLMAN, 1½d.
THE TEACHING OF EPICTETUS. One of the finest examples of Christian Stoic Philosophy. Cloth gilt, 1s. 9d.
WALDEN, AND ESSAYS AND LETTERS. By HENRY D. THOREAU. Two delightful and invigorating books, 1s. 9d. each. Cloth gilt.
ANIMALS' RIGHTS. By H. S. SALT, 4d.
THE FATE OF THE FUR SEAL. By J. COLLINSON, 2½d.
A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH, 2½d. **THE CROSS OF THE NEW CRUSADE,** 2½d. **THE BASIS OF DEVOTION,** 1½d. (Fellowship of the New Crusade Pamphlets. Send for separate list, or write to the Warden, Haslemere.)
WORK AND WAGES. By THOROLD ROGERS. Best historical survey of English labour question. Cheap edition, 1s. 2d.
A TREASURY OF CONSOLATION, 3½d. **A TREASURY FROM "FESTUS,"** Two pretty booklets of verse compiled by A. BROADBENT, 3½d. each.
THE GOSPEL OF LOVE: A MESSAGE FROM THE OLD WORLD TO NEW. By J. FREEMAN, 3½d. **SCIENCE IN THE DAILY MEAL.** By A. BROADBENT. (A capital epitome of Vegetarian Cookery), 3½d. **THE VEGETIST'S DIETARY,** 7d. **GUIDE TO FRUITARIAN DIET AND COOKERY.** By Dr. OLDFIELD, 2d. **A COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO NATURAL HYGIENIC AND HUMANE DIET.** By SIDNEY BEARD, 1s. 3d., paper; 1s. 9d., cloth.
THE MODERN RACK. Papers on Vivisection. By FRANCES POWER COBBE, 1s. 3d. **FAMISHING LONDON.** By F. A. MCKENZIE, 1s. 2d.

THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS, 5, WATER LANE, E.C.

THE TOLSTOYAN.

A Magazine
of Practical
Idealism

Monthly, 3d.
Post free, 4d.
Edited by F. E. WORLAND.

Its purpose is to become a meeting ground for free and open discussion of questions relating to life and conduct.

NINE SHORT STORIES.

By LEO TOLSTOY.

Flexible cloth, gilt letters, gilt top, 1s. 6d. net.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY. THE GODSON. THE TWO PILGRIMS. THE IMP AND CRUST OF BREAD. ELIAS. WHERE LOVE IS, THERE GOD IS. HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED? IF YOU NEGLECT THE LITTLE FIRE, ETC. IVAN THE FOOL.

THE CHRISTIAN MYSTICS.

A Series of Sketches of the Life and Work of Some Leaders of Christian Thought.

By W. P. SWAINSON.

Art covers, 6 in. by 3½. Post free, 3½d.

No. 1.—Francis of Assisi: Saint and Mystic.

WHY I DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

A Letter to a Clergyman, setting forth the Objections to Christianity as Popularly Understood, and Affirming the Religion of Goodwill as Taught by Jesus.

Post free, 1½d.

EDUCATION:

A Depreciation of Cramping, and a Plea for Natural Education.

By ARTHUR ST. JOHN.

Post free, 2½d.

SUPPLIED BY

THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS, 5, WATER LANE, E.C.

**WHAT I BELIEVE
ON LIFE - -
WHAT IS RELIGION ?**

By
**LEO
TOL-
STOY**

The first volumes of a new, cheap, well-printed series of Tolstoy's later writings.

*In paper, post free, 7d. each. In cloth, post free,
11. 1d. each.*

**RESURRECTION
A NOVEL**

By
**LEO
TOLSTOY**

A handsome, well-printed new edition of this great social and religious novel, translated by LOUISE MAUDE.

*In cloth, post free, 2s. 3d. Also a cheap paper
edition, post free, 8d.*

**TOLSTOY
AND HIS
PROBLEMS**

By
**AYLMER
MAUDE**

A cheap edition of a new book.

In cloth, post free, 2s. 3d. In paper, post free, 1s. 2d.

SUPPLIED BY
THE SIMPLE LIFE PRESS, 5, Water Lane, E.C.

